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1917

More Verses

by

Julia Dulany Addison

1915

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Book .D39M6
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FIRST SNOW.

When I woke up in the morning,
  Eight months ago, in May,
The grass was sparkling with dew-drops —
  It sparkles with frost to-day;

Then the sun was shining warmly,
  The sky was cloudless blue,
And the trees in the wood on the hill-top
  Were bright with a sweet green hue.

Now the trees are barren and leafless,
  And the sky is a dull, bleak grey;
And a voluble flurry of snow-flakes
  Obscures the world and the day.

LIFE—A CANDLE.

Is your life a candle?
  Does it throw its light
In the darkest corner
  Of another's night?

Touch a candle that you see
  Burning very low,
For that means a soul once pure
  Sinking into woe.

If the candle's light is out
  Touch it just the same,
For that means it may once more
  Shine again with flame.

Only never let your light
  Flicker and burn low;
Keep it bright and brighter
  By helping where you go.

Keep your candle burning
  That you may light another;
If you can not help yourself
  Can you help your brother?

WHAT THE CLOCK SEES AT NIGHT.

(On the mantel-shelf stand two figures of Yeomen of the Guard [Beefeaters], a china King of Hearts, and a Münchener Kinde.)

When I strike twelve from the mantel-piece
Each lifeless article has its release
From the lifeless posture it keeps all day —
Each acts in its characteristic way.

The cows in the picture above me moo
And swish their tails as real cows do,
The old-fashioned girls by the sideboard say:
"Things surely have changed since our young day!"

The poor children lost in their father's park
Do weep, as they moan, "It is getting dark!"
The Beefeaters red on the mantel-piece fight
With the Münchener Kinde, who is getting too bright.

"You've no business to be here with us," they say,
Now your country's at war, you should join the fray!"
"And what about you?" the Münchener cries,
You ought to be fighting with the Allies!"

At this instant the fat china king joins in —
"Though we never can feel like kith and kin
Toward the German nation — at least
let's be
Polite to one child of Germany."

Joseph Addison opens his wise brown eyes,
And looks about him in great surprise.
"I don't think you argue the way you
should,"
He says to the king; "For your country's good,

"Let me inform you, whate'er you say,
I've been Chancellor in my day:
The states you now call Germany
Were friendly with England as they
could be
You're a *nouveau riche* and a regular clown,
Young Münchener Kinde—you need taking
down!"

The Beefeaters act upon Addison's word,
The next instant a terrible crash is heard.
The two little girls, wakened unawares,
Come rapidly down from their rooms
upstairs.

The figures and pictures all silent stand
As the little girls appear, hand in hand.
They enter the dining-room, turn on the
light,
And there they behold a pitiful sight!

"Mama's best china Münchener Kinde!"
Says the eldest child, "It must be the wind!
The casement window is open wide,
And the snow blows in on the eastern side!"
To shut the window the children hurry,
They look outside at the drifting flurry.

As many pieces as she is able,
Her friend picks up, and puts on the table.
" 'T is a Chinese puzzle indeed to find
What part goes where, in the Münchener Kinde!"

So they leave the pieces and put out the light,
And go upstairs for the rest of the night—
Or rather, the morning—for I strike "One."
I'm the only thing neutral! My tale is done.

ALONE WITH NATURE.

I lay upon the grass one afternoon;
The grass sloped where I lay, for 'twas a bank.
O'erhead the blue sky with its white clouds
stretched;
The happy birds were singing as they flew,
And the bright sun smiled down upon my
book;
Alone was I, from all the world away —
Alone with a great mind;—(far from my own,
But his who wrote the book!) Each leaf
I turned
With new enthusiasm, till the sun
Dipped low and lower in his western home.
Then lengthened shadows fell athwart my
book,
So that I might no longer read the words.
I glanced above — the sun was vanishing;
A yellow glow lit up the whole horizon,
And in the east I saw a pale full moon.
Pale showed the full moon while the sun
still shone,
But later, as I lay on Nature's breast
With upturned eyes, I saw the yellow fade:
Then more — and soon the sun quite dis-
appeared.
Then twilight came; the day-birds ceased
their song.
The chirping cricket sounded fairly near.
I watched the twilight deepen into night,
Then, one by one, the jewelled stars
appeared,
The Milky Way glowed brightly, while the
moon
Shone white against the pall of evening sky.

THE TELEGRAPH BIRD.

Have you ever heard
The Telegraph Bird
When you're leaning close to the pole?
The humming note
Seems down to float
Like the sigh of a wandering soul.

He has no look;
Indeed, no book
This bird has ever portrayed.
If you come near
His notes to hear
You need not be afraid,—

In other words
There are no birds
Upon that wooden post;
The only sound
We hear around
Is a poor mock-bird's ghost!

IN A GARDEN.

There lies a lovely garden
A mile or more from town;
Its wee box-trees on either side
For many years have grown.

A fountain crystal sparkling
Is where the sparrows play,
And near this is a sun-dial
Which tells the time of day.

The flowers are abundant
And brightly bloom they all,
As well as in the summer
Some blossom in the fall.

The chestnuts on the ground lie
Right underneath their trees;
Let's gather some together,
In the pleasant, spicy breeze.

This is an earthly Paradise,
And it is really there,
'T is not just hazy in my mind,
Like More's Utopia!
If some day you it wish to see,
Just motor with my friend and me!

CLOUDS IN THE MORNING.

Tranquil the cloud banks lie;
A winter scene in summer sky.
The sun shines down
Till it touches the crown
Of a cloud peak, and then doth disappear,
But not for many a month or year; —
In another moment the sun bursts forth
And rises high in the clear blue north.

CLOUDS AT SUNSET.

Tranquil the cloud banks lie,
A winter scene in summer sky.
A crimson light enfringes them,
As the red sun sinks it tinges them
A roseate hue
Shines the cloud tops through.

CLOUDS AT NIGHT.

Still in the sky
Cloud banks lie.
Soon I can see
The moon brightly
Rise in the black sky.
The stars shine high,
And on the seeming snow
The full moon sheds her glow.

REST HOUSE.

(Swansea, Massachusetts.)

High on a hill at sunrise
  Stands the brick House of Rest.
To see it at noon is better —
  The hour of sunset is best.

For the dying pink of the heavens
  Is spread above and around;
There are no other houses to hide it,
  Through the meadows there is no sound.

Then the hour of dusk and twilight
  Steals on, and the lights appear
Down below in a broad-lying valley,
  Which show that a town is near.

Rest Acropolis! Always
  Thy guests shall enjoy their stay!
If they are like me, when the time comes,
  They can hardly be torn away!

IN UTOPIA.

In that gay Fairyland there is no school,
The law of Frolic is its only rule.
Titania's palace — sloping velvet lawns —
And bosky glades where fairies ride on fawns.
In one grove stands a tree which, we are told,
Upon the luck-blest pilgrim showers gold.
Near this tree flows a river which can cure
Of old age one who drinks its waters pure.

'T is market day upon the shadowed green;
Let's stop and watch — ah, what a pretty scene!
Behind the golden booths are maidens fair,
In white, with sparkling jewels in their hair.
In one booth may be seen the magic bell,
Which, when you ring, your marriage doth foretell;
(If you are not to marry, it rings low!)
There's target-practice, too, with Cupid's bow;
You send an arrow flying to the heart
Which marks the centre — and it takes some art!
White wings there are, on which you fly away
O'er hill and dale to where it's always May.

We see a book about Sir Thomas More,
Who founded this fair land in days of yore;
To brave Sir Thomas there's an ancient song,

Which fairies sing in accents clear and strong.

In yonder glen, beneath a spreading tree,
Others entwine a Maypole in great glee.
The self-same tinted garment wears each fay
As is the color of her ribbon gay.
Titania looks on and smiles so bright:
The fairy sun sheds down her warmest light
Until she falls beneath the tree-tops green,
And dusky twilight settles on the scene.
Titania's palace grand bursts forth in light;
In the dark sky o'erhead, the gems of night
Do twinkle brightly; fireflies come out,
And chatty Mr. Cricket chirps about.
Here we can understand each word he says:
He chirps: "Ah, happy land!" "Most joyful days!"
"To-what, To-whoo!" says the wise evening owl,
"Some say I'm not as bright as other fowl,
But I can show you how I use my mind.
For this dark evening, on one whiff of wind,
I'll blow you homeward by a magic spell
To your far Earth of which we've oft heard tell.
For mortals are permitted but one day
To see Utopia — then they must away;
For other human beings want to come
To see our land from their far distant home.
Therefore, adieu! I send you homeward bound,—
When Earth be reached, may greater joy be found!"

The next we knew, a whirring sound was
heard —
Not one of us could speak a single word,
So quickly went we whizzing through the
air;
And now we feel we never have been there!

CONCORD REFORMATORY.

In these brick walls many a lawless son
To be good and lawful has begun —
Two stripes and a diamond he has won.

"While there's life there's hope," so never
despair,
E'en though your sin seems beyond repair;
Just make up for it by playing fair.

In your kitchen you work, and you make
such food
That all who taste it consider it good,
And you love your keepers — at least you
should.

For they all are doing you a good turn,
And with every bit of good feeling you
learn
Their praise and encouragement you earn.

When you go out in the world again,
If saying good-bye to them gives you pain,
Loyalty has become your gain.

THE LASS WHO GOT LEFT.

"Sweet mother, sweet mother," the young girl said,
"I love you, sweet mother of mine;
And won't you let me this night to send
To my lover a valentine?"

"My daughter, my daughter," Dame Falstaff said,
As she shook her wise, grey head,
"The merry lass never sends to the lad —
He sends to the lass instead."

"Oh, mother, conventionality
Waxes boring when one loves such;
Oh, won't you let me a valentine send
To him whom I love so much?"

"My daughter, you'd better go straight to bed,
For it's late, and you are young;
Though your hair is piled high on your silly head,
You speak with a baby's tongue!"

WALL-PAPER FACES.

Shy little, spry little eyes,
For many years have I seen you!
There is a difference between you —
One of the pair looks wise,
While the other looks vapid and stupid —
Just like some foolish girls
Who spend their lives waiting for Cupid!
While their mind's life never unfurls.

Shy little, spry little eyes,
Which shall I follow, the stupid? —
Or shall I follow the wise,
And not dream yet of Cupid?

VERTIGO.

One afternoon I lay upon my bed,
I was not feeling well while there I lay;
The yellow poppies on my wall to sway
Began; the breeze swept all about my head.

I clasped in sudden fear my white bed-
stead,
Then looking back, I saw a meadow green;
Through the fresh meadow ran a brook
serene,
The blinding sun his radiance downward
shed.

There blew the yellow poppies of my room
But were they all there? one, two, three,
four, five,—
I could not count them even when alive —
I heard a voice say "They shall deck thy
tomb!"
But I awoke, and felt the summer air,
And stationary found those poppies fair.

LADY MOON.

(The baby speaks.)

I want to own thee,
  Pretty moon up in the sky;
Nurse says I cannot,
  For you're up too high.
Some nice nights you shine so
  Very brightly on my bed,
Through open window,
  That I turn my head.

Lady moon, far above me,
  Smiling on me while I sleep,
Lady moon, don't you love me?
  At you I must peep.

(The child speaks.)

I love to see you
  Lady moon, up in the sky,
You make a lovely view
  But my bed-time's nigh.
So good-night, Papa dear,
  And good-night, dear Mamma,
Good night, bright moon,
  For my friend you are.

Lady moon, o'er the meadow,
  Lady moon, o'er the sea,
Looking down from heaven
  On a child like me.

(The young girl speaks.)

Singing beneath thee,
  Pretty moon, are girls and boys,
Would I might bequeath thee
  A more tuneful voice!
On our boat thou shinest
  As we swiftly skim along,
Showing us the finest
  Appreciation of song!

Lady moon, in the heaven
  Shining on the summer sea,
Our jolly group of seven
  Sings its praise to thee.

(The bride speaks.)

How we do love thee,
  Thou, our blessed Honey Moon!
This is, above me,
  The best night in June.
For we're so light-hearted,
  Yet so blissful we don't talk.
We'll no more be parted
  Together we'll walk.

Lady moon, o'er the mountain
  Shine bright and free,
Glancing through the bright fountain
  On a bride like me.

(The woman speaks.)

Eyes of all ages
  Saw thee as I see thee now,
'T was questioned by sages,
  When thou shone, and how.
In thy crowning splendor
  Thou art like the sun by day,
Yet withal, how tender
  Is thy beaming ray.

Lady moon, in the heaven
  Trace thy path through the sky —
Waxing and waning
  As each night goes by.

(The old woman speaks.)

My dim and failing eye
  Sees thee still, oh, full bright moon,
But in the dark sky
  I'll not see thee soon.
For I'm growing older,
  Day by day, bright beaming moon,
And my age is colder
  Than the age of June.

Lady moon, o'er the ocean,
  Pray for me e'er I go,
Lady moon, for my motion
  Grows each day more slow.

WAR CONTRASTS.

August, 1914.

In houses gay of Germany
A merry jovial company
Toasts to the future victory
O'er England, just across the sea.

1915.

Britain defiantly doth stand
With feet firm planted on her land—
Germany lifts a pleading hand —
"Bread! let it not be contraband!"

PIGEONS IN CHURCH.

In their gentle cooing way
Pigeons around the house-top play;
One flew into the church when we started
to pray!

He flew to the roof, and all around,
He explored the church with a cooing sound!
The congregation nearly laughed out;
"What can that pigeon be about?"
A small child piped, and his mother replied
By pulling him closer to her side —
Not as a caress, but to keep him still,
As to have him talk was against her will!

The pigeon continued to fly about,
But when a late-comer arrived, he flew out.

AT THE THEATRE.

She watches the play with an interest keen,
She's the prettiest girl at the theatre seen;
He looks at her features instead of the play —
Which will carry the most away?

A TRAIN GOING BY.

While lazily in bed I lie,
I watch the smoke of a train going by.
It bursts like a white cloud, obscuring the trees,
And is wafted along on the morning breeze.

THE SUN THROUGH TREES.

As through dark churchly glass
Shines the sun through the trees,
And the velvet-like grass
Rustles in the salt breeze.

ADVICE TO SCHOOLGIRLS.

A blue wave creeps o'er me
When I think what's before me
To learn; I know not what I ought.
I blush to myself
As I look at that shelf
Full of books — yet my knowledge is naught.

I want to know everything all in one day!
" 'T is out of the question," my family say.
"The best students study for many a year,
But Ignorance makes one shed many a tear!"

When in school the girls fool
They don't know what they're missing
By giggling and whispering and foolish hand-kissing!
I've done it myself, but I've learned to regret it,
If this verse can advise you, I warn you to let it!

DUTY.

Duty is what makes happiness, not fun,
Nor parties gay, nor dresses beautiful;
For when in school I laugh and do no work,
Or when I've walked where I am not allowed,
Whate'er I do, where'er I go, my time
Is dulled by heavy Conscience. When I work,
Then go out in the sunshine with the girls,
I talk and laugh with a far lighter heart.
When I return at just the proper time,
The evening seems so pleasant that I sing.
For Duty is the only thing that counts!
If you have done your duty, you'll be glad
Where'er you are, I think and I believe.

Duty is often dull while being done,
But when 'tis o'er great happiness is left,
For you've accomplished something in the world,—
The idle froth of life has some foundation.
For what's the fuzz of soda when the taste
Is absent? 'T is not even worth the sipping,
Nor is a life of only idle froth.

Verses

for

Children

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Lord Jesus, put Thy hand in mine,
And walk beside me on the way.
When Thou are with me, though 'tis night,
My thoughts are bright and clear as day.

Lord, teach me to unselfish be,
To freely give, and freely lend,
To shun the things that please thee not,
And be to all the world a friend.

Once, when Thou wert eclipsed from me,
Because I had been doing wrong,
I could not sleep a whole night dark —
The hours and minutes seemed so long.

But when I fell upon my knees
And begged Thee freely to forgive,
I felt refreshed, for then I knew
That I with Thee once more did live.

When Thou art by me naught I fear,
Though on a dark and lonesome road,
For thou dost whisper words of peace
And ease my heart from many a load.

Thou wilt uphold me all the way,
For Thou art strong, and I am weak.
If I am good, Thou wilt be glad
To have me come Thy help to seek.

Teach me to be Thy loving child
And never to be led astray,
That I may lead some erring souls
Forever in the purest way.

A BED OF LARKSPUR.

A bed of larkspur grew and grew beneath
the summer sun;
From each fair flower a pretty elf
Appeared one by one.

Susanne was passing by her bed, and
saying to herself,
"Its really growing nicely!" — when she
saw a tiny elf!

Another elf, another, then another elf she
saw.
Then from the other flowers appeared
Many, many more.

"Oh," cried Susanne, "What are you here
for, ugly little men?
Go straight inside and hide your faces,
Never come again!"

They laughed a laugh that echoed all the
larkspur bed among,
Then they all stopped, for near the bed
A sweet, soft song was sung.

Which louder grew, until it burst
In glory on the air.
Then there appeared from the rosebush
A queen of beauty rare —
It was Titania!

THE HOUSE-PIXIE.

There's a pixie in this house,
But he's quiet as a mouse,
  And he wouldn't hurt a body for the world;
But at night-time just take care—
In your dark room best beware
  Of a little gnome with hair and whiskers curled!

He's never where there's light
Even on the darkest night.
  If a candle or a lamp burns in your room
You will never see the elf,
But when you are by yourself
  And your room is just as black as any tomb —

Then take care, good lass, take care,
Of this little gnome beware!
  You had better shut your eyes and go to sleep!
Then he never will seem near,
But there's very much to fear
  Should you ever take the weest little peep!

In the day-time on the stair,
Hold your dress up, and beware
  Or he'll grab you from below and throw you down;
You won't see him, but you'll fall,
Which will not be nice at all —
  You will hardly thank the vicious little clown.

A FAIRY TALE.

When I was out and round about
Upon a summer day,
  I chanced to see
  Not far from me
A tiny, pretty fay.

"Alas," she said, "I'll soon be dead,
For Giant Brownie's near,
  Since many an hour
  I'm in his power —
He'll very soon appear!"

The Fay spoke right, for soon in sight
Appeared upon a tree
  None other than
  The Brownie man
And very brown was he!

"Beware, oh fay, don't run away,
There's danger for your soul!
  And, human sir,
  You shall not stir,
You've reached the Brownie's Goal!"

"Have I indeed?" said I, "Take heed,
You wicked little fellow!"
  Then on the spot,
  I Brownie shot —
He turned from brown to yellow.

From off the tree the dead Brownie
Fell; as he fell he crumbled,
  Then he became
  A leaf of Shame
As in the Fall it tumbled.

SOME MORE REGRETS.

My cousin looks before she leaps —
I leap before I look.
Would it not be good for me
If I her warning took?

My cousin always counts her change —
I plunge it in my purse;
When I remember it to count,
Things change from bad to worse!

For I have there too little change!
Yet am too far away
To wish to walk back to the store —
I will, some other day.

About it soon I quite forget.
Two girl friends come to call.
I'll treat them all to sodas —
But there's not enough for all!

Oh what a bore! I've told them
I would treat; what shall I do?
Here is the store — so in we walk —
I order sodas two.

I go without my soda,
Which is always dear to me.
When we go out, we find the rain
Is pouring merrily!

We cannot take a street-car,
For we have not got the fare.
As we hurry home my friends
Scold me for going there.

So ends one day; I'd better hump
Unless I want to be a lump!

A FAIRY VISION.

While strolling in the glen at night
I saw a very charming sight;
Some fairy children played around,
Hardly making any sound.

When they saw me, the fairy band
Said, "Why are you upon our land?"
"For fun to-night I left my bed,
To go to Fairyland," I said.

"We understand; but once you're here,
You will not get away, we fear!
For spying on us, we will take
You captive!"—I began to quake.

A Brownie from a tall dark tree
Winked his wicked eye at me,
And cocked his head, "Wilt have some wine
All fairy-made? 'T is very fine."

Now, when I was a younger child,
I always was most bad and wild,
So I said, "Yes," then winked my eye,
And quaffed it down in ecstasy.

When suddenly I felt a chill
Run through my veins — it made them thrill,
Then a great heat, and then I slept.
When I awoke, I loudly wept,

For on a bank of pins I lay —
When all at once it moved away.

It was a fairy porcupine,
On which the fays made me recline!

That Fairyland, I soon was taught,
Was not as charming as I thought.
I shivered, and I felt less vain;
But somehow I got home again.

This taught me never more to stray
From my dear home so far away.

THE DIAMOND FAY.

Have you ever heard of the Diamond Fay?
You can see her at any time of day
If the sun is shining upon the water;
She, and many a Neptune's daughter,
Are dancing together upon the waves —
There's a fairy on each that the vast sea laves
When white tidal foam on the wave's top floats,
That means there's a fleet of sea-fairies' boats.

OH, HAPPY LAMB!

Little lamb with fleece of wool,
Thou hast never gone to school;
In the meadows thou dost play,
With thy brothers all the day.

When the mists do gather round,
Thou art by thy mother found
Nestled soft against her wool,
When the grass with dew is cool.

Thou art happy, little lamb,
But I'd fain be whom I am;
Though thou knowest how to walk,
Thou can'st neither think nor talk.

I've a house to shelter me,
But a stable shelters thee,
When the winter's blast is cold,
And the year is growing old.

So I'd rather you should be
What you are, and I'll be me!

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